Licenſed,

May 8. 1678. *Ro. L'Eſtrange.*

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THE

Obliging Miſtreſs:

OR, THE

Faſhionable Gallant.

A

NOVEL.

BIBL. CANT. ACAD.

Uxor Coruſcat Cornibus Mariti.

By a Perſon of Quality.

LONDON,
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To the Honoured Madam; Madam *S. B.*

Madam,

I Give my self the Assurance to Dedicate this small Trifle to you, from the frequent Injunctions you have formerly laid upon me, to do my self this honour: An Incouragement, I must confess, too great for a Man of my Character not to embrace, especially when he has your Promise in Advance, that whatsoever he dare commit to your Patronage,

you will raiſe up all the Power of your Vertue to ſecure from the rage and fury of malevolent Cenſors.

AND, did the World know to what Beauty and Soveraign Goodneſs I addreſs this, I ſhould have no need to fear their Malice, or be-ſpeak their Favour: for, your charming Sex but looks, and conquers; and how many Potent Enemies ſoever others may have to grapple with, you need but once to make your Appearance, to ſee them all humbly ſilent at your Feet.

BEAUTY is now the only Shroud to wrap a trembling

Writer

Writer in, and keep him ſafe from Blaſts, and ſtormy Winds: It is like SACRED MAJESTY, to which all the World pays the Tribute of awful Reverence and Devotion, and to whoſe abſolute PREROGATIVE Mankind owes its utmoſt Loyalty: So that it would ſeem no leſs than a Crime of higheſt TREASON, but to think of bringing its Power into Diſpute and Queſtion: Therefore, where That is once pleas'd to ſtand up in defence, who is ſo hardy to oppoſe, who ſo daring to break forth into Rebellion againſt it? That Man may then be bold indeed, who has Beauty's Banner to protect him. But,

BUT, Madam, you do not place your chiefeſt value there; you conſider Beauty as one of the periſhable Goods of Time, and proportionable to that Sentiment you give it its eſtimation: for you have more ſublime Regards, inward Accompliſhments, and the Adornings of the Mind take up all your Contemplations. The Sphere of Vertue is that you deſire, and love to move in; and you would have that only to influence and actuate all your Principles. This is a Truth ſufficiently known by all that have the honour to know you; and they will ſay, I have taken you but

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in little, ſhould I lay out my utmoſt Efforts to do you juſtice: and I would be glad to ſee the Perſon that is capable of drawing you fully to the Life.

Madam, it were eaſie for me to expatiate upon the Theme of your Goodneſs; for I muſt give in my proteſt here, that I know nothing more Supreme: but I am ſenſible how much your humility will be offended at it, and, after all, that the Eſſay would appear but faint and hollow; and therefore, to ſave your bluſhes, and conceal my own weakneſs, I'll quit this Subject, and give you a ſhort Account of that which you are next to read.

I met with it in French, *and found it to be a true Hiſtory of the Amours of a Lady of Quality of that Country; but becauſe I perceived it did betray her frailty, and was too detractive and derogatory from her honour, I have vail'd all their real Names under thoſe of my own Conſtitution and Fancy; and I hope I have done no harm in expoſing their Story, ſince I have carried it on all the way through a diſguiſe.*

BUT poſſibly it may be thought that I have done extremely amiſs in making you this Preſent; for here is a La-

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dy whoſe Fate has been to have her Love predominant over her Vertue, and you make your Vertue to be ſuperiour to all things; ſo that how can you ever be able to appear in the defence of that, which by your Vertue you are ſo much obliged to diſapprove? But I do not underſtand, why, although one ought to have an Averſion for the Crime, one may not at the ſame time have a pity and compaſſion for the Perſon. Beſides, to whom ſhould the miſerable, through their Fate, have recourſe, if not to thoſe who at leaſt-wiſe are able to give them the relief of their tenderneſs?

But,

But, Madam, I can say more, if she was over come by her Love, it was after a very great Combat of her Reason and Vertue; and that love of hers cost her her Life. and does she deserve to have no body stand up in her favour? I know your goodness so well, that it cannot but ingage you to afford your charitable supports to the frailty of the dead, and therefore without any further trouble will leave her fatal Story to you; hoping you'll still honour me with your kind thoughts, and let me bear the Quality of,

Madam,

Your most humble Servant,

THE Obliging Mistress: OR, THE Fashionable Gallant.

IN the Famous City of *Spira* were two Noble and Ancient Families who had long been at Enmity, almost to their utter ruine, by the frequent Attempts they both made against the Lives and Fortunes of each other. There was only left in one a Son called *Bazugen*, and in the other a Daughter named *Orazia:* by the Mediation of some Friends the difference between the old Fathers was composed; and to confirm the Accommodation, they consented to an Intermarriage of their Children; but both of them be-

ing of an Age as yet not capable of ſuch a Solemnity, they proceeded no farther than a Contract, which was performed with more than ordinary Ceremonies. This being the Seal ſet to the Articles of Agreement, the Father of *Orazia* died not long after in peace with all the world, nor did the Father of *Bazugen* long ſurvive him; they both, as they had before contrived it, left their Eſtates to the truſt of Friends; ſo to be diſpoſed of, as that if either of this our Infant-couple hereafter ſhould refuſe to conſummate their Matrimonial Rites, they ſhould have no longer an Intereſt in any part of the Inheritance. This, you may imagine, was a certain cauſe to effect a Marriage, but an uncertain courſe to produce an Affection; nay, ſuch a compulſion doth generally check the growth, where otherwiſe it might have flouriſhed, becauſe our Nature

Nature is a perfect Enemy to constraint, and even causes an Aversion in us to that which we should otherwise have coveted, when it comes once, as it were, to be necessitated, or forced upon us.

IN short, they both grew up to a Marriageable state, which made them conclude it with all the Rites and Ceremonies befitting the Solemnity of such an expectation. *Orazia* was delivered up to *Bazugen* at the Altar, and the Friends of both immediately resigned the trust they had committed to them by the Fathers to the young *Bazugen*, who not to spend his Youth in idleness, as most of his Age and Fortunes commonly do, bought himself a Place, which was one of the first Charges of the Robe.

After their Nuptials, the new-married Couple spent several Months in all the pleasures of Feasts and Divertisements. Al-

though their Marriage had been leſs from Affection than Intereſt, yet the young *Bazugen* thought himſelf the happieſt man in the world in the poſſeſſion of ſo accompliſhed a perſon; and his Wife was not forgetful of any of thoſe things which ſhe thought her ſelf obliged to by her duty, to make him know that ſhe received as great a ſatisfaction in him.

BUT about that time, after that they were married, ſhe fell into ſome little indiſpoſition, for which the Phyſitians adviſed her to uſe the Bath: She reſolved to go to a houſe her Husband had, that was not much above ſix miles from *Spira*, and which was near to the River; the ſeaſon and the time being then very fit for her to take the Bath there.

She had made a Friendſhip with a Lady, whoſe name was *Lulevinda*, who alſo had a houſe at that place;

place; and one day, the Weather being extraordinary fair and inviting, drawed some friends of that Ladies Husbands and hers to come and see them. As that place was not very far, as I have told you, from *Spira*, they got thither before the heat of the day; and to benefit themselves by it, they went immediately out to walk.

From the Garden they came out just upon the Bank of the River, which was only parted from it by a *Balustrade*; and being insensibly got from the house of *Lulevinda*, they came to a place, which was behind that of the young *Bazugen*'s, where his Wife was walking all alone by a Row of Willows.

Though she was in a careless negligent manner there, her Beauty and her ravishing Air did bring an extraordinary surprize upon all the Company, and struck the heart

of the Gallant *Sefuſeo*, who was the perſon that had appointed that Rendezvous, with the beginnings of a moſt violent paſſion. He ſtood as if he had been almoſt a Statue, at the ſight of a perſon to whom he thought nothing could be comparable.

After dinner, *Lulevinda* perceiving by what had been every ones diſcourſe of the fair *Orazia*, (for that was the name of young *Bazugen*'s Lady) that all the company would be extreamly pleaſed to be acquainted with her, ſhe ſent to deſire her to come and paſs away the reſt of that day at her houſe: *Bazugen* her Husband bore her company thither. Her charming converſation did give an abſolute mortal wound to the heart of the amorous *Sefuſeo*. She had naturally a pleaſant kind of melancholy, accompanied with an air that was full of ſpirit and ſweetneſs, which raviſhed

raviſhed him exceedingly; ſo that ſhe preſently became the paſſionate object of his devoted Love.

ON the other ſide, if the Generous *Sefuſeo* was ſo ſtrangely captivated by her Triumphant Beauty, and the Charms of her Wit, ſhe had with ſome joy obſerved the affection he immediately had for her; having alſo found ſomething in him which had made her diſtinguiſh him from the reſt of the Company, as indeed he had in his perſon all that might induce her to conſider him to his advantage; for with all the Qualities that a brisk Gallant, who was young and handſom, could have, he had an air ſo Noble, and ſo great, that he ſeemed to be born for ſomething extraordinary.

After Supper, the beautiful *Orazia*, who was obliged to riſe betimes becauſe of her Bath, ſeeing that her Husband was ingaged in

play with the Husband of *Lulevinda*, went away to her own house all alone.

THE passionate *Sefuseo*, who could not find an opportunity to tell her what he felt for her, and who was extreamly troubled to think of going from that place without acquainting her with it, abandoned himself to the violence of his Love. He secretly stole out of *Lulevinda*'s house, a little after *Orazia* was got out of it; and without ever considering what the dangers were he expos'd himself to, he went directly to her house, where without asking any body for her, or so much as speaking to any, he went into her Chamber, which he very fortunately litt upon.

Orazia, who was got already into her Bed, and heard some-body walking up and down in the Chamber, supposing it to be her Husband,

Husband, asked him if he had lost any thing: Yes, Madam, immediately answer'd the violent *Sefuseo*; then sighing, he said, I have lost, and much more than ever I thought I was capable of losing: for in short, Madam, I am that miserable *Sefuseo* who has seen you to day, and who is come to demand your pardon, for having found you ten thousand times more adorable than all the beautiful Divinities that ever he beheld in his life: I expose my self to all things to acquaint you with it; and now after you have heard it, command me if you please to die; but do not accuse the boldness I have taken, but the excess of a passion which your eyes have created, and which I clearly see will never end but with my life.

AT this accident *Orazia* was struck with the greatest astonishment in the world. After she had

treated the adventurous *Sefuſeo* as the moſt deſperate of all men, and had ſeveral times told him, that if he would not withdraw, ſhe ſhould be obliged to make him repent his preſumption; ſhe called one of her Women to her, named *Bonnellvie.*

The raſh and daring *Sefuſeo* then began to perceive how far his love had tranſported him, and to how many dangers he was expoſed; and coming up to *Orazia*'s Bed-ſide, and by accident lighting upon one of her hands, which ſhe had put out to thruſt him back, taking it into his, and wetting it with a thouſand tears; It is not ſo much for me, as for you, Madam, ſaid he to her, with an Air that ſufficiently declared the condition of his Soul, that I conjure you to reflect upon what you now do: What will there be ſaid, Madam, if it ſhould come to be known that a Man has been in your Chamber at ſo unſeaſonable

ble an hour of the night? Ah! Madam, they will have no more goodness for you, than they would have for me, and yet pray Heaven that I might be the only wretched person.

Bonnellvie, who had heard her Mistress call her, after she had done folding up her Gown which she was then about, came into the Chamber, and ask'd her what her pleasure and commands were. *Orazia* had well considered on the prudent discourse of the wise *Sefu-seo*, that it was true, if such a thing should happen to be known, it might be criminally turn'd upon her; as likewise that it might make an ill impression upon the mind of her Husband, having recovered her self as well as she could, resolving to send *Bonnellvie* quickly out of the Room, she gave her some orders for the next day, such as the trouble and confusion in which she

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was permitted her to think of, and ſo diſmiſt her.

But after *Bonnellvie* was retired, addreſſing her ſelf to *Sefuſeo*, who was in the ſame condition as a Criminal, that expects the Sentence of Death to be paſt upon him; Do not think, ſaid ſhe to him, continuing to ſpeak to him in that angry way ſhe had begun, that it has been out of any deſign to ſave you from the confuſion you deſerve, which hath made me change my reſolution, my only conſideration obliged me to it, though I am troubled that a perſon, for whom I had conceived an Eſteem, ſhould do me ſuch an injury: But ſince by your procedure you have made your ſelf unworthy of it, all that I can do, if you will obey me in retiring, is, that I will not revenge my ſelf of your indiſcretion, but in leaving you to the ſhame you ought to have for it all your life-time: And

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in ending those words, and in casting upon him a thousand other reproaches, she commanded him once more to retire.

The sad and heavy *Sefuseo*, o're-whelmed with these reproaches, flung himself upon his knees at the fair *Orazia*'s Bed-side; and having conjured her to be pleased to hear him, he so powerfully represented to her, and with such violent marks of a Soul filled with love and sorrow, that it clearly demonstrated his passion had not left him Master of his Reason: but that he could not resolve to go away from her, without letting her know the effect which her beauteous Charms had wrought upon his heart, that she began to attribute to the force of a true Love, what she had at the first taken for an indiscretion mixt with too much disrespect.

SO that afterwards there was a very warm Combate in her heart:

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The ſecret inclination ſhe had had for the Gallant *Sefuſeo*, ſucceeding her reſentment, made her feel a certain kind of joy, to know that ſhe had got an humble Votary in him. She at firſt rejected this joy, as a thing that was Criminal, but ſhe was at laſt vanquiſhed by it. If ſhe did not abſolutely pardon what the violence of his paſſion had forced him to commit, ſhe did not continue to treat him in the ſame way of ſeverity and rigour; only made him to conſider, that ſhe could not ſuffer, without wounding her Vertue, that another man beſides her Husband ſhould have any affection for her.

SHE obliged him afterwards to retire, fearing that her Husband would return, which had given her no ſmall diſquiet, as indeed it could not well do otherwiſe. Having ſeen that ſhe had left the Company, he broke up play almoſt at the ſame

same time that the hasty *Sefuseo* had slunk out of *Lulevinda*'s house; but by an extraordinary good turn of Fortune, out of a fear to wake her, he went to undress himself in a Chamber which was near to that in which she lay.

AS soon as he was come back, the Servants who had the care of shutting up the Gates, lock'd them immediately after they had seen him come in. *Sefuseo* having found them shut when he came up to them, was put to a strange plunge; but he got them to open 'em again, as if he had come just then from their Master *Bazugen*, who was gone into his Wives Chamber immediately after our bold Adventurer was got out of it. *Bazugen* having heard the Gates opened again, just as he was going into Bed, the next day ask'd his Servants whom they had opened them to: whereupon they told him what the

the Ingenious *Sefuſeo* had ſaid to them; and that not any of them could tell who he was, nor indeed ſo much as give a deſcription of him; he preſently began to have ſome ſuſpitions, which filled his head with a thouſand diſquietudes. As he might queſtion whether his Wife loved him when he married her, ſo he did ſtill, whether he was beloved by her or no, which kept his ſatisfaction from being altogether ſo free and peaceable, and made him very inclinable to Jealouſie.

IF *Sefuſeo* had abundance of joy that he had in part appeaſed *Orazia*, that Charming Fair One was not in ſuch a ſatisfied condition; the weakneſs ſhe had been guilty of, gave her all the confuſion imaginable. She made to her ſelf a thouſand reproaches, as if ſhe had been guilty of the moſt unpardonable Crimes: and afterwards, reflecting

flecting upon the sufferings and dangers that such an Ingagement would expose her to in all appearances, she took up resolutions capable to defend her againſt Love it self, and believed that her Reason would quickly reassume its Chair and former Empire. She disavowed the sentiments of her heart, and only accused the disorder she had been in, of the frailty she had committed.

SHE was after this almost two Months before she had done taking the Bath, and reposing her self after she had taken it. During that time, she strengthened her self in her resolutions, but yet she could not keep from thinking sometimes on the handsom *Sefuseo*. But the little trouble those thoughts awaked in her breast, made her greatly believe that his *Idea* was not altogether defaced there, at least it was never able to cause in it any great disturbances. At

AT laſt ſhe returned to *Spira*, more beautiful and fair, through the effect that her Bath and the Country-air had produced. Her Husbands houſe was near the delicate Garden where all the Gallantry uſed to come and appear in their greateſt Glories, and *Barneveld*'s Lady went frequently to walk in that pleaſant place. She was very much ſurprized a few days after her return, to ſee the accompliſhed *Sofaſeo* there, who had not miſſed a day coming into it ever ſince he firſt had caſt his eyes upon her, not doubting but that was the moſt likely place to meet with her ſooneſt. Perceiving her to be all alone, he went and addreſſed himſelf to her; he told her, that he had waited the happineſs of ſeeing her with an impatience worthy the paſſion that he preſumed to make her a Declaration of; and that if during the time wherein he could

could not enjoy that infinite blessing, she had done him the Grace now and then to think on him, he did believe he should never have the power to render his acknowledgments to her for those unspeakable favours, in that glorious manner they deserved.

AT first she pursued the resolution she had taken up; maugre all the Emotion that the sight of the Charming *Sefuseo* made her sensible of: She answer'd him in an affected angry tone, that if she had said such things to him as had any ways flattered him, when he had hardened himself so far as to come into her Chamber, it was only to oblige him to retire without making any noise; and that she did extreamly wonder at him, to perceive that he so little did fear or value her Resentment, and that he still had the Confidence to make his Applications to her.

Sefuseo

Sefuſeo was ſtrangely ſurprized when he received this unexpected anſwer: Ah! Madam, ſaid he, after ſome pauſe to her, with a terrible ſadneſs, wherefore did you not give me my death that night in which I came out of your Chamber? I ſhould at leaſt have thought I had died without all your hatred, and therein to have died happy.

Thoſe words, accompanied with an Air that was the moſt paſſionate in the world, abſolutely renewed in the heart of the tender *Orazia* her Inclination for the brave *Sefuſeo*: She could not any longer diſſemble her tenderneſs, but acknowledged the favourable eſteem ſhe had had at firſt for him, the Efforts ſhe had made to overcome it, and the condition into which her Soul was fallen again now ſhe ſaw him. But ſhe conjured him afterwards by the ſincerity which ſhe had teſtified

stified to him, and by all the kindness he could have for her, not to persevere in giving to her any publick marks of his passion which might in the least reflect upon her Reputation, and assuredly trouble the repose of her Life, if her Husband should but once come to have never so little suspition of him; and to which affection, she told him, with all the resolution her Soul was then capable of, that she was fully determined never to hearken.

The at first happy *Sefuseo* had a most unconceiveable joy to hear that he had been able to make any impression upon that Heart that was so considerable to him, and for his Soul could not conceal it from *Orazia*. But that which afterwards she demanded of him afflicted him even to the last degree, not being able to conceive that he could live any longer than she did permit him to love her; and he

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was as it were ſtruck with a Fatal Dart.

That grief of his was obſerved by *Orazia* to be far greater than the joy had been: He raiſed in her breaſt a pity, againſt which ſhe made but ſmall reſiſtance; the inclination ſhe had for the Graceful *Sefuſeo* taking away from her all power of doing it. He repreſented to her ſo admirably, and with ſo much love, that his paſſion not having any thing in it but what was full of an extream reſpect, could not detract from her Merit; and that he knew very well how to conceal from all the world his Love, and his Happineſs, and keep all perſons from ſo much as in the leaſt to ſuſpect it, if ſhe would but once condeſcend to receive his Vows and Submiſſions. Yet after ſhe had made a thouſand ſcruples to him about it, and had told him, how that ſhe greatly apprehended the

the consequences of that weakness which she had, there was established between them a very pleasant and obliging Commerce.

Bonnellvie, of whose Fidelity *Orazia* was absolutely assured, took the Letters from the Gallant *Sefuseo*, and gave him those of her Mistress. Although they did not see one another in publick Companies where they might have been, for fear lest any one should take notice of their Loves, by observing their actions; yet the happy *Sefuseo* had the good fortune to spend many a swift hour, or at least they were so in his apprehension (for hours fly away like Lightning among Lovers when they lye bathing themselves in one anothers Imbraces) at her own House, and that too very frequently: for that Ingenious Love-Factress, her Confident, so admirably improving the time of the young *Bazugen*'s absence, that there

there was ſcarce a Week paſſed them, but ſhe found out ſome way to bring them together, let what, or who would part them.

About that time, one of her Huſbands moſt Intimate Friends, named the Baron of *Franchvill*, who was newly come back from his Travels, came to ſee him. *Bazugen* had been married ſince they had ſeen one another; and he could not let him know it, without carrying him up into his Wives Chamber.

The Baron of *Franchvill* was abſolutely confounded with the ſight of ſo Illuſtrious a Beauty. He made her afterwards many Viſits, in which ſhe appear'd to him ſo Charming and Amiable, that in a little time he was ſtruck with the ſame Diſeaſe as *Sefuſeo* was. The Victorious *Orazia* quickly perceived it, and was infinitely diſpleas'd at it, through the conſequences ſhe feared it might produce. She

SHE apprehended that this new passion would hinder her Commerce with her belov'd *Sefuseo*, either by the jealousie of her Husband, who would thereby become more mistrustful of her; or by that which she might give to the passionate *Sefuseo*; or by the care that the Baron of *Franchvill* would take for the future, to search into all her actions, through the interest of his Love.

Wherefore when the prudent *Orazia* next saw the ignorant *Sefuseo*, she sincerely acquainted him with the thoughts of the passion of the Baron of *Franchvill*; and at the same time assured him, that she thought him only worthy of her Esteem, and that she never was capable of having a sensibility for any other than himself; and repeated her Commands to him, that he should for the future take more circumspect measures than he had

done thitherto, especially to be more observing as to what respected her.

Sefuseo was extreamly surprized at what *Orazia* told him, but her generous procedure re-assured him in part. He answered her, that without the Grace she did him in the assurance she made of being incapable to change, he should be the most wretched Man in the world: that he knew very well by the effect of her Beauty upon him, that without that Grace, he should not only have feared the Baron of *Franchvill*, but all the men upon Earth; but that he presumed to conjure her to believe, that none could ever have for her a greater Admiration than he had; and in a word, that he should be more grieved than her self, if the goodness she had for him, in permitting him to adore her, should be the cause of any trouble and disaster.

THE Baron of *Franchvill* still became

became more passionate, and consequently more assiduous in his Addresses. He very seldom miss'd being in all Companies, wherein the Powerful *Orazia* ever used to go, where he rendered her all the submissions and respects that possibly could be given by a person who perfectly doated on her, but he could not pay her those duties without being taken notice of by several persons, and without having it come to the knowledge of her Husband. *Bazugen* was presently stung with a strange Jealousie towards his Wife, though she by many things discovered, that the passion of the Baron of *Franchvill* was extreamly displeasing to her.

THIS unhappy Lover did a long while unprofitably complain of her rigour and cruelty to him. She gave to the Generous *Sefuseo* an exact account of the troubles he procured her; not but that she knew

very well ſhe had Merit enough, but her heart would only ſuffer her to think of *Sefuſeo.*

THE Baron of *Franchvill* loving her very violently, and finding ſtill that his Submiſſions were to no purpoſe in the world, but to exaſperate her the more againſt him, he thought with himſelf, that if he could but ingage *Bonnellvie* in his Intereſts, his Fortune poſſibly would change. In a little time he ſo inſinuated himſelf into the breaſt of her Woman, who was intereſſed, that ſhe promiſed to ſerve him in all ſhe could, and perſwade her Lady not to be ſo cruel to him, and acquainted him with what had paſt between her Miſtreſs and the Gallant *Sefuſeo.*

This Intelligence at firſt filled him with an outragious deſpite, but afterwards he began to draw ſome hopes from it. He thought he had made a pretty good beginning,

ning, to have discovered that that stubborn Fair One to all his Oratory, was not to all the world insensible; and that if he could but set the too happy *Sefuseo* and she at any variance, possibly he might find her less rigorous.

HE communicated his design to *Bonnellvie*, who told him, that knowing the humour and the delicacy of her Mistress, she thought, for her part, that there could be no surer way to bring it about to a successful issue, than by some turn or other to make her question the fidelity of her Gallant.

After a tedious while was spent in pumping for some way to put this design of theirs in execution, they resolved to make use of the Picture of a very fair Lady, whom the Baron of *Franchvill* had formerly been an humble Servant to, and to make it be found by *Bazugen's* Wife.

That Artifice had its wiſhed ſucceſs. A few days after the Favourite *Sefuſco* obtained of *Orazia* the favour to wait upon her at her own houſe; and as ſoon as he was gone, ſhe found much about the place where they had ſate, that Picture which *Bonnellvie* very cunningly had laid there.

SHE preſently, upon the taking it up, conceived a moſt terrible miſtruſt, and opening the Caſe in which the Picture was, ſhe no longer queſtioned the Crime of *Sefuſco*, when ſhe beheld there the Portraict of an extraordinary beautiful Perſon, Young, and Charming to a Miracle: She thought ſhe ſhould have died with regret, for having been able to love a Man who could be guilty of ſo great an infidelity towards her. He had given her a thouſand marks of his Love, which now appeared to her no otherwiſe than meer Cheats, and ſhe took up

up a resolution never to see him more.

IT was just about that time of the year which is spent in all manner of Divertisements and Sports of Gallantry, and the next day the brave *Sefuseo*, being at a Ball in Masquerade, where she chanced to be, had a great mind to speak to her. If I thought all my resentment, said she to him, beginning the discourse her self, was full enough of despite, I would o're-whelm you with reproaches, and put you into the last confusion; but I will have only that of having loved you, too happy by being delivered through your fault, from the weakness I had, and of which you have rendered your self so unworthy, that I should think my self dishonoured for the future, if I did so much as look upon you.

The astonished *Sefuseo* could not give her one word of answer, be-

cauſe ſhe did preſently remove her ſelf from him: And beſides he was ſo ſurprized at words that were ſo ſtrange to be underſtood, that it was a long time before he could believe himſelf to have heard them, being prick'd to the quick with thoſe reproaches, and quite overwhelmed with an unexpreſſable grief.

HE examined himſelf a little after, and all his conduct; at laſt he remembred himſelf that he had got a Rival, and that remembrance augmented his grief, not any longer doubting but that that was the cauſe of his ill fortune. He fancied that *Orazia* had changed her ſentiments in favour of the Baron of *Franchvill*, and that her Choller was only a blind and artifice of hers to break off with him; he was terribly afflicted at it, as if he had certain proofs and evidences of it, and ſuffered all that jealouſie could inſpire

spire him with that was most cruel and tormenting.

HE afterwards sought out all occasions to speak to, as he imagined, his faithless *Orazia*, and to complain to her of her inconstancy, without being able to get one word of audience from her: yet she could not totally drive him out of her remembrance, but she sometimes regretted the loss of a heart which she had esteemed worthy of her affections; but still she remained stedfast in the resolution she had taken up.

IN the mean while *Bonnellvie* told the Baron of *Franchvill* to what an extremity *Orazia* was inraged at the false and treacherous *Sefuseo*, which made him to redouble his diligences and respects to her, and to do what ever he could to endeavour to make her cast *Sefuseo* out of her remembrance, in perswading her that he had a real

and

and tender Paſſion for her. But yet *Orazia* was never the more favourable in her treatments to him: ſhe looked upon all the Teſtimonies he gave her of his Paſſion, but as ſecond Snares, and Nets, that the perfidiouſneſs of Men had laid for her.

Thoſe different thoughts joined to the jealouſie of her Husband which ſhe perceiv'd to increaſe, gave her inceſſantly moſt grievous afflictions.

One thing troubled her extremely, and that was a Brother ſhe had, who was brought up in Arms, and in a Duel killed one of the moſt conſiderable Perſons in the Province where he then was. The Relations of the Defunct, by the credit and great acquaintance and love they had in the Country, got him to be arreſted, and immediately aided by the rigor of the Laws againſt thoſe Crimes, which by many Per-

Persons are accounted honourable, used their utmost indeavours to bring him to his Tryal, with all the speed they could.

That business made a great deal of noise in the World, and the valiant *Sefuseo* heard of it as well as the rest, but with an extreme dissatisfaction, for the interest that *Orazia* had in it.

HER procedure against him confirmed his jealousie. He doubted not, but that if she could make him any just reproaches, and on the contrary, if she had not apprehended those which she knew he could make her, she would not have so obstinately refused to hear; and it was that which gave her the most desperate disquiet.

HIS Love inspired him with a design to save her Brother, hoping that that service might justifie him in her Breast, or at least traverse the happiness of his Rival.

A lit-

A little after he had formed this deſign, he was reſolv'd once more to addreſs himſelf to the indifferent *Orazia*, deſiring to know before he departed, if ſhe truly thought ſhe had reaſon to accuſe him, or if he had not more to doubt her inconſtancy. He thought that he ſhould be much leſs wretched, if ſhe had any ſuſpitions againſt him, how criminal ſoever ſhe imagined him to be; but if the happineſs of the Baron of *Franchvill* was the cauſe of his condition, which he looked upon to be ſo cruel, he thought that what he had reſolved upon, would appear to *Orazia* of quite another value; and that if he periſhed in the attempt, he ſhould at leaſt have her regret.

But he found her juſt as ſhe was before; that is to ſay, as reſolute not to ſpeak a word to him, as ſhe was not to hear any thing from him.

Not

Not being any longer able to be Maſter of the movements of his jealouſie, No, no, Madam, ſaid he to her, with a mortal grief, you cannot through the confuſion you will have, confeſs to me what it is that makes my unhappineſs; your beauty has had its effect upon other hearts as well as mine, which could not be made ſenſible but for you; and yours has been capable at laſt to receive other vows than mine: but what I am going to undertake will make you ſee that I was not unworthy of that honour, and that I always place all my happineſs in adoring you, and in giving you the Teſtimonies of it, notwithſtanding your injuſtice, and your inconſtancy; and at laſt, ſeeing ſhe refuſed to anſwer him, his ſorrow redoubled; and it made him go away but with a greater deſpair.

HE learnt as ſoon as he came to the

the place where the Brother of *Orazia* was Priſoner, that he was in a few days to be tranſmitted into a more ſecure Priſon. He reſolved to lay hold upon that occaſion to procure his deliverance. In ſhort, he did with ſo much vigour ſet upon thoſe who led him along, though they were ſeveral more in Number than thoſe of his own Retinue, that he reſcu'd him without being known either by him, or any of his, having cauſed them all to wear Maſques. Afterwards he conducted him himſelf, in that condition, to a place which the Brother of the ſlighting *Orazia* told him of, where he ſhould for certain be in ſafety, and where he uſed to him all imaginable importunities to oblige him to let him have the honour to know his Deliverer.

IF the raviſhed *Orazia* had a great deal of joy to hear that her Brother

ther was rescued, she was not in any less surprize about the manner that she had learnt it had been effected.

A few days after she had received that News, she saw the brave *Sefuseo* at the Church where she was used to go, as sad as ever, but yet who seemed to regard her with a great deal more of attention. She remembred then that she had not seen him since she had made him those Reproaches, and that he had thought her inconstant, and said other things to her which she understood nothing of: She made Reflections upon it, and as she was then considering with her self of some Circumstances betwixt them, she could not keep her self from admiring the Action of the generous *Sefuseo*, not any longer doubting but that it was he who had rescued her Brother, and from making him see her in that manner as she looked

ed upon him. He received more preſumption for it, becauſe he thought they were not taken notice of by any body, he addreſſed himſelf to her as ſhe was going out; and after he had made her to know that ſhe had not deceived her ſelf in having that thought, he told her, that what he had done was not an effect of his Deſpair but of his Love; that he ſhould have done the ſame thing, if he had ſtill in her heart the ſame place, he thought he had once the happineſs to poſſeſs: but that in truth he was very glad, that Fortune gave him an occaſion to render her a little piece of Service, which ſhe had not received from his Rival. He could not refrain diſcovering to her the greatneſs of his jealouſie, and that he thought ſhe only treated him ſo unworthily through the change of her heart, in favour of the Baron of *Franchvill*; and at laſt he complained

plained to her of her unjuſt carriage towards him, whether ſhe thought him culpable, or elſe that her inclination for him was much abated: and conjured her to be pleaſed at leaſt to let him hear his Crime, or his unhappineſs; adding with an extreme ſubmiſſion, that if he could not juſtifie himſelf, he would acknowledge himſelf unworthy of her favours, and never preſent himſelf again before her; and that if he was not any longer to her what he had been, he would obey her orders, how cruel ſoever they might be, not being willing to deſerve her by thoſe importunities; although he did really think he ſhould not long ſurvive them.

Orazia, who ſaw what the gallant *Seſuſeo* had newly done in her Service, could not ſpeak to him in the ſame bitter manner ſhe had done formerly; but likewiſe not being able to remove his infidelity out of her

her thoughts, ſhe could not ſpeak to him in any ſoft and tender way. After ſhe had undeceived him of the reaſon of his jealouſie, and had told him what it was that had made her think him guilty, of which he could not juſtifie himſelf, ſhe added that ſhe ſhould never forget the Service he was then come from doing her; that he knew her ſufficiently, not to doubt of her gratitude, and that ſhe ſhould be eternally obliged to him, but that that Service was not her fault, that there was no return in ſuch things, his procedure teſtifying a natural levity and fickleneſs; that he would be always ready to do as much, and that ſhe could never look upon him, but as a Man capable every day to receive new Idea's. and at laſt that ſhe had ſome joy that he had himſelf extinguiſhed in her heart an affection which ſhe had frequently condemned, but which

ſhe

ſhe had not been able to vanquiſh, and that what he was come from doing had without doubt augmented it.

THE deſpairing *Sefuſeo* was even ready to expire at her Feet with grief at the Sentiments of his fair, but cruel and unjuſt, *Orazia*; he told her then ſeveral things to indeavour to make her know that he was not guilty, but all ſignified nothing: nothing could make her doubt the proofs which ſhe thought ſhe had of his Crime. Not being able to juſtifie himſelf towards her, he could not abſolutely accuſe her for it, and remained in a moſt dreadful perplexity.

Orazia, on her part, had no ſlender trouble. What the generous *Sefuſeo* had ſo lately come from doing ſeemed ſo valuable to her, that ſhe almoſt repented her having ſpoke ſo to him as ſhe had done. She had ſtill for him the ſame inclination,

clination, and would have given all the World to have ſeen him innocent. There was nothing but her delicacy which oppoſed her in her heart from believing him abſolutely, or at leaſt from pardoning him.

THE next day having her head full of theſe thoughts, being in a viſit, and placed near to a Looking-Glaſs, the Company being then juſt removed to the other-ſide of the Room, ſhe caſt her Eyes upon it to ſee how ſhe lookt, and finding in her Face ſufficient Charms to give her that day content, ſhe pulled that fatal Picture out of her Pocket which ſhe always carried about her, as they do moſt commonly thoſe things that are deareſt to them, or that their minds are moſt upon, to ſee if her Rival was as fair as ſhe did fancy her ſelf that day to be.

WHILST ſhe was ſtanding before the Glaſs, and charmed at the

the advantage ſhe thought ſhe had over that Portraict, two Ladies of the company came up towards her, and perceived her to hold a Picture in her hands, they all began to be very pleaſant upon her, ſaying, it was without all diſpute that of one of her Admirers. She aſſured them that it was not the Picture of a Man; but ſeeing that they would not give any credit to what ſhe told them, and beſides conſidering that there was no danger for her to ſhew them the Caſe with what was in it; but on the contrary that it might make them remain in the belief they had taken up, ſhe ſhewed it them.

THE Baron of *Franchvill*, who was alſo acquainted with theſe Ladies, had ſeveral times ſhewed it to them, as being a thing which was not then of any conſequence; the Perſon whom it repreſented being dead. Thoſe Ladies, who knew the

the Paſſion of that Baron for the fair *Orazia*, told her, in continuing their raillery, that he ſacrificed to her what had formerly been the Idol of his heart; and *Orazia*, not being able to apprehend them, after many diſcourſes, they gave her the explication of what they had before told her; and informed her how that he had ſhewed them that Picture, and told them whoſe it was, and that it infallibly muſt come from him.

Orazia had a great deal of difficulty to conceal the trouble that that converſation raiſed in her Breaſt. Yet ſhe had no mean joy to hear thoſe things, which might make her queſtion whether her Gallant *Sefuſeo* was guilty. She began to think it might be ſo, that the Baron of *Franchvill*, who had been to ſee her a few days before when ſhe found it, had dropt it there; and not daring to demand

it

it of her, would rather lose it; but yet she durst not hope so happy a change.

THE Baron of *Franchvill* knew also that Lady at whose House this dispute hapned, he came just at that time to see her, and was forced to make there a full discovery of it, which was the cruellest affliction to him that ever he had met with in the World. Those Ladies made him acknowledge that Picture, and obliged him to confess whose it was: wherefore he added, to keep the innocent *Orazia* from having any suspicion of the trick he had put upon her, that he perceived very well he had lost it, but he could not remember where it had been; and afterwards would fain have perswaded her that the little care he shew'd to indeavour the recovery of it, was a sign that he thought no longer of the Person whom it represented, but

but that ſhe had abſolutely effaced the remembrance of her in his Breaſt.

THE tranſported *Orazia* abandoned her ſelf wholly to her joy. She told him railingly, without pretending to underſtand what he ſaid to her, that he ought to be very much obliged to her for having conſerved for him ſo precious a Relique.

THE Baron of *Franchvill*, who ſaw from whence *Orazia*'s joy proceeded, was greatly troubled at it. It had been to him ſome time of conſolation in the ill treatments he met with from her, to ſee the now favoured *Sefuſeo* in ſome miſ-underſtanding with her; and he did not doubt but that e're long ſhe would give him a perfect account of all that had hapned, and that he would be a great deal more happy than ever. On the other ſide he could not ſee, without being the

the moſt miſerable of all Men, that he himſelf was the Inſtrument that ſerved to his juſtification; and he Propheſied thereby all that an afflicted and deſpairing Lover could imagine that might be moſt cruel for him, and moſt advantageous for his Rival.

THAT Converſation had diſcovered to the overjoyed *Orazia* the juſtification of *Sefuſeo*'s conſtancy, and ſhe no longer doubted but that ſhe had always been faithfully beloved by him. Having a few days after addreſſed himſelf to her, he found her the ſame ſhe had been, before ſhe thought he was unfaithful to her. She told him how they were indebted to Fortune, how that the vexation ſhe was in to believe that another ſhould divide his heart, had been the cauſe of her coming to find out his innocence, and the joy ſhe received thereby; and ſo they both mutu-

ally admired the ſtrange error that had for ſo long a time embroiled them.

THEY afterwards taſted all the pleaſantneſs that it was poſſible for a perfect and happy intelligence to give them; what the generous *Sefuſeo* had done for *Orazia*, in reſcuing her Brother, had fully made her ſenſible of the greatneſs of his Paſſion; and that new reconciled Gallant received from her ſuch marks of a delicate tenderneſs, that gave him no room to doubt of his being poſſeſt of all her affection. Beſides, thinking that their commerce was known to none, having the happineſs to ſee one another with ſo much facility, nothing was wanting to their ſatisfaction.

THE Death of the Father of *Bazugen* for ſome time ſeparated them: For her Husband was obliged to make Journeys into ſeveral Provinces, where he had left him con-

conſiderable quantities of Land. He carried his Wife with him, whom he loved as tenderly as though it had ſtill been Honey-moon with them, and they but lately Married; together with the jealouſie he had of the Baron of *Franchvill*, which likewiſe contributed to the making of him take that reſolution.

Although *Orazia* had much deſired not to go that Journey, yet the great fortune that *Bazugen* had on his ſide, in compariſon of that which ſhe had brought him, obliged her to ſo great a complaiſance.

IF the faithful *Sefuſeo* and ſhe were deprived of ſeeing one another, they endeavoured to comfort themſelves by writing the oftner. *Bonnellvie* received the Letters from *Sefuſeo*, and ſent him thoſe of her Miſtreſs.

THE paſſion of *Sefuſeo*, which was very violent, made him, a lit-

tle after *Orazia* was gone, deſire that he might come and ſee her; and he prayed her, by one of his Letters, to permit him to wait upon her in ſome place which ſhe muſt of neceſſity paſs through. She could not refuſe him a kindneſs, wherein ſhe was ſenſible that ſhe ſhould have part of the contentment.

SHE told *Bonnellvie* the place, who acquainted immediately the Biron of *Franchvill* with it, who was reſolved to trouble them there, and to try if he could prevent it. For he thought that if he was at the place where the obliging *Orazia* had appointed *Sefuſeo* to be, he could hinder them from ſeeing one another, as alſo that he might have himſelf the pleaſure of ſeeing *Orazia*, with whom he was ſtill moſt deſperately in Love.

HE purſued the reſolution he had taken, and was at the place at the

the time that the adorable *Orazia* had appointed her Gallant to be there; and having pretended some business further, he told her suspicious Husband, that he did think himself extreme happy in having overtook him upon the Road; and that his Journey not requiring great haste, he would tarry with him there, till he was resolved to set out further.

THIS Rencounter did perfectly confirm the young *Bazuqen* in his jealousie. Neither of them could scarcely believe that such a thing happened by Accident, and according to their different interests they were both extremely troubled.

THE Baron of *Franchvill* kept himself very close to the fair *Orazia*: and her Husband not being able to endure that great correspondence, he obliged the Baron of *Franchvill* to go along with him to

ſee a Perſon of his acquaintance, who lived within four or five miles of the place, whom he had not yet been to viſit, only upon the conſideration of removing him from his Wife.

Whilſt they were making this Viſit, where they were neceſſitated to tarry ſome conſiderable time, and where the young *Bazugen* kept him as long as he could, his Wife *Orazia* had the pleaſure of ſeeing her dear *Sefuſeo*. Their Converſation was ſuch as may be immagined without my declaring it. The raviſhed *Sefuſeo* gave unſpeakably kind *Orazia* all the Teſtimonies ſhe could deſire of the continuation of his love, and ſhe did diſcover to him that ſhe was not in the leaſt behind hand with him in affection.

Bonnellvie acquainted the Baron of *Franchvill* that they had in the mean time ſeen one another. He was almoſt dead through deſpair, that

that he had done so much to prevent it, without being able to effect it successfully; and possibly also for having facilitating to them the occasion of it, seeing clearly that he had been the cause of young *Bazugen*'s having made that Visit. Scarcely did his jealousie afford him so much moderation as to keep him from pointing out his rage at the fair *Orazia*. He went his way back again after he had taken his leave of her; and her Husband then tarried two days longer in that place, before she could contrive a way to give her Gallant hopes that he should see her any more there; yet he could not for his Soul go away from thence, so long as she made that place her residence.

BUT at last his hour did come to part, although it was with a great augmentation of Love from either Party, the tender Sentiments in which he had found her, and a

thouſand new Charms he fancied he had diſcovered in her, rendered his paſſion one of the greateſt that ever had been.

THERE was well near two years run out in young *Bazugen*'s Journey, although he did whatſoever he could to ſhorten it. That time ſeemed as I do not know how many Ages to the mutually amorous *Sefuſeo*, and *Orazia*; for ſhe was in no little deſire to ſee the end of them. The Letters they wrote were but a feeble and languiſhing conſolation to them, under ſo tedious a ſeparation, and ſerved only as Oyl to invigorate and ſtrengthen the flame of their paſſionate earneſtneſs to ſee one another again.

AT laſt *Bazugen*, having diſpatched his buſineſs, returned to *Spira*, and brought back his Wife along with him. *Sefuſeo*, you may eaſily gueſs, had all the joy imaginable at her return. At that

that time there was an Ambassador to have entrance, and the precogitating *Sefuseo* presuming that *Bazugen* would not fail to be at the Ceremony, sent a Letter to his dear *Orazia*, to desire her that she would pretend some indisposition that day in which he was to pass through the City; and also to permit him to come and wait upon her, where he might have the happiness to be at her Feet all the time that Ceremony should last, and to tell her the torments that that tedious absence of hers had procured him. *Orazia* easily inclined to prefer the pleasure of seeing him, to all the sights of the World, and much more to that: so that she feigned an indisposition from the precedent day.

THE Baron of *Franchvill* had been sick, before her return for some time, and he was not yet very well recovered from that sickness. The

young *Bazugen* not being perſwaded that his Wife did find her ſelf really ill, fancyed ſhe only diſſembled ſo, to give the Baron of *Franchvill* an opportunity of ſeeing her, who might very eaſily decline going to be a Spectator of that Ceremony, becauſe of the ill eſtate of his health. In that ſuſpition he was reſolved not to go and ſee the entrance, except the Baron of *Franchvill* went likewiſe along with him.

Curioſity and Complaiſance made the Baron of *Franchvill* forget the weakneſs he had upon him, he ingaged himſelf to be one of the Company; and the next day *Bazugen* and he, with ſome more of their Friends and Ladies, went to the place they had taken up, to ſee the Show go by.

THE eager *Sefuſeo* was not very long before he went to conſole his beautiful *Orazia* for the divertiſement

tiſement which ſhe deprived her ſelf of upon his account. He found her with infinite Charms, and in ſuch a conquering condition, that never in the leaſt was ſeen in any Perſon who had been ever ſo little ſick. He gave her a thouſand thanks for the grace ſhe had beſtowed upon him; and fancying themſelves to be ſecure from any ones interrupting them, they let their hearts run out to one another with the greater liberty, and they enjoyed a real ſatisfaction from the freedom they had of ſo long a Converſation, which was without all manner of fear.

IN the mean time the Baron of *Franchvill*, through the inconvenience of the place or his own diſpoſition, found himſelf extreme ill a little after the March was begun, he did what he could to overcome it; but fearing leſt his ſickneſs ſhould grow upon him, he judg'd

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it his best course to retire before he was worse; and therefore without speaking a word to any Person, for fear of troubling the Company with whom he came, he went out, and return'd to his own Lodgings.

A little while after *Bazugen*, looking about the Balcony, perceived he was gone: he doubted not then but that his Wife *Orazia* had feigned her self sick on purpose to give the Baron of *Franchvill* an opportunity of coming to see her; and that he could not let so fair a one slip away, after he had hoped and sighed for it so long; and therefore he was certainly gone to wait upon his Wife.

HE could not get the mastery over his jealousie, but away he went without taking leave of any Person, transported with rage and fury, and came to his House with most dreadful resolutions.

Binnellvie, who was accidently at

at that time looking out of a Window, where one might see every body that came into the House, was extremely surprized, when she perceived him coming back so soon: she ran in a great confusion into her Mistresses Chamber, and told her that *Bazugen* was just at the Door. *Orazia* stood like a Statue, and was not able to utter a word, she was so astonished; and *Sesuseo*, to speak the truth, was not in a much less surprize than her self, not believing that they could find out a way to keep the netled *Bazugen* from seeing them together, there not being any other way to get out of the Chamber, than that by which he must of necessity come in.

THEY were all three so seized with fear and amazement, that *Bazugen* was even just at the Chamber before they had ever thought of a way to avoid this disturbance, which without doubt would be very

ry terrible: At laſt *Bonnellvie* hearing him ready to come in, went to the Windows, and drew the Curtains, which were ordinarily wont to keep the light too much from coming into the Chamber: which by reaſon alſo that it was already pretty forward in the Afternoon, made it to appear very dark; and when *Bazugen* came in, ſhe ſtood before the guilty *Sefuſeo*, that ſo her cornified Maſter might the leſs perceive him; and whilſt that in his tranſport of fury, he was going to open the Curtains, which cauſed that obſcurity, and hindered him from diſcerning things he was jealous of, ſhe took the falſe Baron of *Franchvill*, and made him ſlip out of the Chamber.

THE ſurprized *Orazia*, who was well-near half dead, had flung her ſelf down upon her Bed: and her Husband, as ſoon as he had let in the light, came up to her; although

though he could see no body, nor had heard the slippery *Sefuseo* get himself out of the Chamber, yet the trouble which he observed she was in, did extremely increase his suspicions; and he thought, without the least doubt of it, that all those things were not without some particular Mystery: but not having any proof of it, he would not make a noise to no purpose.

Sefuseo was still miserable, under an extraordinary disquiet, to know how the rest of this strange adventure past: being in the greatest fear that the *Linx* her Husband had perceived him, either in his Wife's Chamber, or in the Street.

BUT yet he could not quickly be informed of it: *Bazugen* made his Wife sensible of his suspicions through the ill humour he was in for several days together; and she had much ado to know how to carry her self towards him during all that

that time: which made her apprehend how miſerable ſhe ſhould have been, if he had at laſt found out what he had been ſo near the diſcovery of; and made her take up the reſolution of forbidding her dear Gallant ever to ſee her more.

BUT a few days after perceiving him very ſenſibly concerned at the danger ſhe had been in, and knowing by his trouble how dear ſhe was to him, ſhe had not the power to make him that prohibition: She told him only the apprehenſions ſhe had, and prayed him not to demand things of her for the future, where ſhe might be ſo expoſed: telling him that ſhe perceived her ſelf too weak to refuſe him any thing, and that for certain it would be the death of her, if the unhappineſs ſhe feared ſhould befall her.

Bonnellvie, who was always in the Intereſts of the Baron of *Franch-*

vill,

vill, told him how she had delivered the insnared *Sefuseo* and her Mistress *Orazia*. He was mad in his mind, that the fury of the inraged *Bazugen* had not light upon his happy Rival; and wished with all his Soul he had been exposed to it, though indeed his charming *Orazia* must of necessity have been also folded up in the same, if not worse, circumstances; seeing her still insensible of all his respects and devotions, he was highly exasperated against her, considering how kind and obliging she proved to the fortunate *Sefuseo*: and in the jealousie which those reflections increased, he would have rejoiced to see himself revenged, by that means, of a cruel Mistress, and a happy Rival.

BEING carried away with those Sentiments, he told *Bonnellvie*, that he could not any longer live in that condition; and that if she

ſhe did not attempt ſomething for him, he ſhould not have any further conſideration, but ſhould do whatſoever his Paſſion ſhould inſpire into him; and prayed her to indeavour to remove the ſetled *Sefuſeo*, without which he ſhould be for ever miſerable.

Bonnellvie was extremely put to it to find out a way to raiſe an evil underſtanding between *Sefuſeo* and her Miſtreſs; not being willing to do any thing which might offend the latter. Seeing her ſelf preſt by the Baron of *Franchvill* to do ſomething, ſhe at laſt told him that ſhe thought there was but that one only way which ſhe had already made uſe of to effect it; that knowing the curious delicacy of *Orazia*'s heart, there was, according to all appearances, but a powerful doubt and ſuſpicion of the fidelity of her Gallant, which could looſen her from that affection ſhe had for him;

and

and that she hoped, in giving her some new doubts of it, to do him the Service he demanded.

IN short, a few days after, she told the innocent *Orazia*, pretending too that she was grievously troubled at what she was going to relate to her, that two Persons that waited for her Master *Bazugen*, had been entertaining themselves with almost all the particularities that had passed between the brave *Sefuseo* and her self; and that it appeared by their discourse, that they came to know it no other way but from himself, who had told it them as a thing of which he made no great matter; that she had overheard them from a place that was near to that where she told her they spoke, and from whence they might clearly over-hear them: and at last she supposed to her, that they had said so many particularities of what had truly pass'd between the imprudent

dent *Sefuſeo* and her, and which could not be known but by them and *Bonnellvie*, whom ſhe did not in the leaſt doubt of perfidiouſneſs to *Sefuſeo*, and that ſhe thought him to be ſuch a one as could not ſee himſelf beloved by a Perſon like her without crying it at the Croſs.

SHE complained of that procedure which ſhe thought ſurpaſſed all baſeneſs, unto *Bonnellvie*, of whom ſhe was far enough from having any miſtruſt.

IT was then that ſhe took up a reſolution to break off with her faithleſs *Sefuſeo*, and never to remember him more. As ſhe loved him to the higheſt extremity, before *Bonnellvie* had made that Story of him to her, ſhe could not but feel a cruel affliction in being obliged to take up that reſolution. But imagining her ſelf ſo mightily injured, her reſentment eaſily vaniſhed all

all the inclination that ſhe had had for him. When ſhe had thought that he had loved another beſides her ſelf, and that his heart was divided, ſhe had not been ſenſible of half that grief which the thoughts of her condition at preſent gave her.

SHE could not refrain reproaching him for his perfidiouſneſs: they ſaw one another the next day in the Garden where *Sefuſes* firſt ſaw the fair *Orazia* after ſhe was returned from the Bath, and where they had often ſeen one another ſince. She went thither not to defer, at leaſt, the only vengeance which ſhe could take of him: and when he was going to make his addreſſes to her; It is a baſe Action, ſaid ſhe to him, with an extraordinary reſentment, to go to ruine me to ſatisfie your vanity. Such an ingratitude cannot be look'd upon with horrour enough; for at laſt the weakneſs which I have

have had is known, and it could never have been ſo but only by your means: but, added ſhe, I will extinguiſh it, even out of my memory; and you ought not any more to regard me, than as a Perſon who ſhall deteſt you whilſt I have a day to live. And immediately ſhe went away from him, and joined to ſome Ladies of her acquaintance, who then came in, that ſhe might not be obliged to hear any thing he ſhould offer to ſay.

IF ſhe had ſtayed to hearken to what he could have anſwered her, the marks of that grief which ſhe had ſeen her ſelf to be the cauſe of, might have ſerved in part for the juſtification of the innocent *Sefuſeo*. He was ſo o'rewhelmed with thoſe reproaches, that he ſtood mute a long time in the place where ſhe had ſpoke to him before the company came in. He had always taken heed, with the greateſt care imaginable,

able, that none should have the least suspicion of their Intelligence; becaufe loving and esteeming that beautiful Person to the last degree, her Reputation was very dear to him; and yet then he saw himself accused of want of secresie and fidelity: and that which afflicted him as bad, was that he could not imagine she should ever think him capable of so unworthy an Action.

AS the credulous *Orazia* was fully perswaded that he had betrayed her, it was impossible for him to obtain of her the favour to let him know the particularities of that Crime she accused him of; and that he would indeavour to justifie himself; though he several times conjured her to remember that she had already believed him guilty of another almost as great, of which she her self had seen his Justification; and that he demanded of her

with

with a great deal of grief, if she would wait until time and hazard made her see his innocence, which possibly he might never be so happy as to have it. The grief in which he was, made her abandon the pursuit of a Charge which he solicited. The Court was at that time at *Belaufontaine*, and he could not there resolve to quit the Interest of his Love for that of his Fortune.

IN the mean time the Baron of *Franchvill*, to whom *Bonnellvie* had told what she had perswaded her Mistress to believe of her Gallant, and the resolution she had taken, forgot nothing to procure to himself all the advantage which he thought he might hope for from it. He redoubled his Assiduity to her, as he had done when she had been first incensed against the as innocent *Sefuseo*; and applied himself with an extreme care to shew her more Love and

and Zeal, which he every day discovered to her by a thousand things how wretched he was in not having the good fortune to be grateful to her, and how redevable he should be to her good Graces, if she would at last be pleased to hearken to him.

BUT nothing from his part could affect her, since she was then uncapable of having any other thoughts, than those which the baseness that she thought the unworthy *Sefuseo* had used towards her, had inspired her with, which extremely afflicted the Baron of *Franchvill*. Moreover she would not indure that *Sefuseo* should so much as offer to justifie himself; and indeed, for fear of provoking her the more, he durst not address himself to her. In a word, it was impossible for one to see any Sentiments that were more confus'd, and cruel, than those of these three Persons.

Bonnellvie, about that time, chanced to receive ſome Letters, by which ſhe underſtood that a Brother of hers, to whom ſhe was an Heireſs, was dead; which obliged her to beg leave of her Miſtreſs to go away immediately to poſſeſs her ſelf of what he had left her. Her departure was fatal to the Baron of *Franchvill*; he deſpaired, ſeeing himſelf deprived of the only Perſon that had buoyed him up till then with ſome hopes; he was reſolv'd to put an end to his Courtſhip, one way or other; to ſee if any thing could make him be beloved by the hitherto obſtinate *Orazia*; to continue his Paſſion for her, or to abandon her for ever.

Having found an opportunity to ſpeak with her, ſo as he deſired, he preſſed *Orazia* at ſuch a violent rate, and told her ſeveral things that were ſo extremely diſpleaſing to her, that ſhe did not obſerve any mea-

measures in her carriage towards him, but abused him most unmercifully. Not being any longer Master of himself, he was thinking to revenge himself of those treatments, to reproach her in all he knew of the Commerce betwen her and her Favourite *Sefuseo*; and he had presently given her that cruel displeasure if the sight of what he was still charm'd with, had not taken from him the power of doing it.

BUT he could not refuse himself that satisfaction; after he was return'd to his Lodgings he wrote a Letter to her, in which he told her all that *Bonnellvie* had acquainted him with, about the Amours of the prosperous *Sefuseo* and her, and all that he had done, to make her break with him; that notwithstanding that ingagement, he had religiously adored her, whilst she had only unsupportable severities

for him; but that her laſt treatments had procured his repoſe, and he was now perfectly cured of the Paſſion that he had had for her: yet nevertheleſs he could not forbear reproaching her of injuſtice, of which what he told her was a certain proof, ſince ſhe then could acknowledge that he had been the object of her Husband's jealouſie, whilſt that the ſucceſsful *Sefuſeo* was beloved by her without the leaſt murmur or repining at it; and that he had had in his hands an infallible way to revenge himſelf of her rigours, without ever being deſirous to make uſe of them; and that, in a word, he ſhould find other hearts beſides hers, who would be both more juſt and grateful.

WHEN *Orazia* firſt received that Letter, ſhe fell into an aſtoniſhment and affliction not to be conceived; ſhe ſaw in an inſtant all that

that she might apprehend from him. She did not think that the Baron of *Franchvill* would easily forget her severities towards him, and did not doubt but that her Husband would in a little time be told that which would make her miserable all her Life.

YET, in so great a trouble, she had the consolation once more to find the Innocence of the wrong'd *Sefuseo*. As she had not extinguished her affection for him, but because she accounted him guilty, she felt it immediately kindling again in her, and that with a greater accession; as soon as she perceived he was innocent, she could not defer letting him know that he was justified, and all that the Baron of *Franchvill* had written to her: though she saw very well that they could not continue their seeing one another as formerly, without exposing themselves to greater dan-

gers, and therefore that they muſt of neceſſity forbear having the pleaſure of it for ſome time. But ſhe was extremely troubled to imagine how ſhe might find out ſome way to ſee him, without having it come to the knowledge of the Baron of *Franchvill.*

IN the place of *Bonnellvie*, ſhe had made a confidence in another of her Women, named *Trofilena*, whom ſhe knew to be wholly diſintereſſed. She gave her a Letter for the re-inſtalled *Sefuſeo* in her affections, by which ſhe appointed him to be the next day at a Ball in Maſquerade, where ſhe would give him a meeting.

THE joy of the tranſported *Sefuſeo* reſembled that of his grief, and both were in their exceſs. That mark of goodneſs from his dear *Orazia* in a moment effaced in his mind whatſoever he had ſuffered. Without ever examining what it was

was that might be the occaſion of that change, it ſeemed to him ſufficient to ſee his miſeries at a cloſing period.

BUT if the next day he preſently felt his joy meet with new acceſſion by the ſight of his charming *Orazia*, who received him in a very tender and affectionate manner, which confirmed him that ſhe had once more found him innocent; he was ſtrangely ſurprized when ſhe told him what the Baron of *Franchvill* had related to her in a Letter; nor was he in any leſs affliction, when ſhe afterwards told him that they muſt of neceſſity be ſome time without ſeeing one another. Having been deprived ſo long a time from that happineſs, that command was as a new ſtab at the heart which gave him a more piercing torture: Beſides, ſhe then appeared to him ſo glorious and ſhining in her Charms, that it made

him find her orders the more ſevere and ſhocking.

Nevertheleſs, the Intereſt of the fair *Orazia* made him reſolve upon all that ſhe deſired upon that account, finding himſelf at leaſt moſt happy in knowing that he was ſtill moſt paſſionately beloved. Beſides, *Orazia*, to take away from him all thoughts which he poſſibly might have, that ſhe did not ſpeak to him with ſincerity, and that ſhe would deprive him of the pleaſure of ſeeing her without an abſolute neceſſity, gave him the Letter of the Baron of *Franchvill.*

THE next day the generous *Sefuſco* returned the Letter to *Trofilena*, to whom *Orazia* had bid him give it: *Trofilena* gave it to her Miſtreſs, at the ſame time as there was given to *Orazia* another for her Husband; and *Bazugen* hapning to come up juſt at the ſame time to them, and having known that

that his Wife had a Letter for him, and demanding it of her; ſhe thinking to deliver him that which he ought to have, gave him inſtead of it that of the Baron of *Franchvill.*

THE aſtoniſhment of *Bazugen* was not leſs in reading that Letter, than had been that of his Wife *Orazia*, when ſhe had received it. He ſeveral times looked upon his Wife as he was reading it, and finding in that Letter a little Note which *Sefuſeo* had wrapt up in it, and that was full of a paſſionate tenderneſs, having read that alſo; See there, Madam, ſaid he to her, with a moſt terrible Choler, the reproaches and thanks of one of your Lovers: Is there in all the World a Husband that is more miſerable than I am? and a Wife more guilty than your ſelf? For, in ſhort, are theſe the Sentiments that ought to inſpire in you your du-

ty and my Love? But I will apply the laſt remedies to them, and poſſibly all your Life long you ſhall repent that you have ever done me this offence. When he had ſpoken thoſe words to her, he made her all the Menaces that could proceed from a breaſt ſo full of fury as his was: and afterwards he forbid her ever ſeeing again her ſo much beloved *Sefuſeo*, or ſpeaking to him.

THE deſolate *Orazia* fell upon the Chairs, almoſt dead, ſometimes looking upon her Husband, with Eyes in which her confuſion was painted; and ſometimes pouring out a torrent of tears, and fetching afterwards moſt heavy and heart-breaking ſighs; ſo ſtrange a condition of hers brought pity into the heart of the tender *Bazugen*, and awakened that love he formerly had for her; and looking upon her with leſs ſeverity, he ſeemed to wait till ſhe would defend her ſelf.

ſelf. But feeling her to be more than convinced in all appearances, and beſides not being able to ſupport the ſight of her angry Husband, ſhe made uſe of that little ſtrength that was remaining in her, and went into her Chamber, o'rewhelmed with a mortal grief.

IT was then that all the miſeries ſhe had ſo often feared preſented themſelves before her Eyes, and that ſhe had the moſt diſmal thoughts that could be conceived. She was for ſeveral days in an unexpreſſable confuſion, and under moſt dreadful ſufferings of mind, which made her often to wiſh for Death, as the only remedy to all her calamities. She could not conſider what a difficulty ſhe ſhould have to make her Husband forget the ſuſpicions he might have of her Vertue, without deſpairing ever being able the reſt of her Life to have any true repoſe with him,

or

or to put an end to his reproaches.

Thoſe thoughts which were the firſt ſhe had, did immediately get an abſolute poſſeſſion of her, and kept her from making any reflections upon her Sentiments for the now to be deſerted *Sefuſco*; when ſhe was a little recovered from her great trouble, and that her inclination for him would repreſent it ſelf to her imaginations, ſhe condemned it with all poſſible rigour, and took up for the future ſuch reſolutions as ſhe thought were by no means to be ſhaken.

Sefuſco, who had underſtood of *Trofilena* what the Letter of the Baron of *Franchvill* had cauſed, reſolved to teſtifie to her how much he was troubled at it; and wrote ſeveral times to her of the grief it made him to reſent: but ſhe would not receive his Letters, but at laſt forbid *Trofilena* ever again to preſent any of them to her, nor ſo much

much as to speak any thing to her, that might make her have any occasion to remember him.

BUT yet her heart often made her think of him contrary to her inclinations; the marks he had given her of as pure and great a Passion as ever had been in the World, combated with all that she could bring to oppose it; and sometimes the resolution she had taken never to see him more, became one part of her sadness.

SO many occasions of grief in a little time brought her into so deep a Melancholy, that the Physitians after they had unprofitably prescribed several things for her, advised her Husband, who was also very much afflicted to see her in that condition, to carry her into the Country, and try if the Air would not do her good, it being then the beginning of the Spring, the days of that Season being so plea-

pleasant, possibly might contribute something to the recovery of her health.

HER compassionate Husband hearkened to that Counsel with a great deal of approbation, being indeed glad to find any pretence to remove his Wife as far as he could from her beloved *Sefuseo*; and besides hoping the more easily to gain her kindness in a place where she should have the sight of none but himself. And as for her, grief and sadness had so absolutely freed her from all manner of Divertisements, that when she saw the intention of her Husband was that she would indeavour to cure that melancholy Distemper she had upon her, she immediately testified to him that it was the greatest of her desires to do so.

THE Place and the Business of *Bazugen* was such, that it obliging him to be often at *Spira*, they went to

to that House they had neareſt to it, and where the now remov'd Gallant, *Sefuſeo*, had firſt ſeen *Orazia*.

THEY lived there at firſt, to all appearances, in a perfect good underſtanding betwixt each other. As *Bazugen* had deſigned to regain himſelf in the mind and affection of his Wife, and to imploy all things to that end, he forgot nothing that might perſwade her that he had not had any criminal ſuſpicions of her, nor had ceaſed a moment from conſerving for her all the love and eſteem that one was able to have.

Orazia, on her part, who had made the ſame deſign, and who ſaw how much intereſt ſhe had to hinder her Husband from believing that ever ſhe had any thoughts which were blameable for the amorous *Sefuſeo*, concealed her true Sentiments, and ſhewed an abſolute contentment in appearance, which

which in reality ſhe never had; for ſeeing her ſelf in a place, where ſhe had beheld the handſome *Sefuſeo* the firſt time, ſhe thought the more of him; and ſhe had no pleaſure, whatſoever ſhe did to put him out of her remembrance, than that which thoſe thoughts gave her.

IN the mean time *Sefuſeo* was the moſt miſerable Man in the World, ſince that his only happineſs, the beautiful *Orazia*, was gone, ſhe would receive none of his Letters: and that which redoubled his wretchedneſs, was, that *Trofilena* told him, in ſuch a manner as gave him no further room to doubt, that in all probability ſhe would think of him no longer.

YET he found ſome conſolation in giving every day his Letters to *Trofilena* to deliver to her; thinking that at leaſt ſhe would by his perſeverance obſerve the conſtancy of his love.

Tro-

Troſilena put up thoſe Letters in a little Cabinet of hers, in which ſhe ordinarily lock'd up ſeveral other things. *Orazia* being one day in the Chamber where that Cabinet ſtood, having took notice that it was unlock'd, had a Curioſity to ſee what ſhe had in it; ſhe was ſtrangely troubled, when ſhe perceived there thoſe Letters, and at firſt had a moſt extreme regret that ſhe had met with them. Afterwards ſhe look'd upon them as things coming from *Sefuſeo*; and at laſt ſuffered her ſelf to be overcome by a Curioſity to read ſome of them.

THEY appeared to her ſo full of paſſion and reſpect, notwithſtanding her continued reſolution to make him ſuffer, that ſhe quickly perceived her firſt Sentiments to renew again moſt powerfully. Having read them ſeveral times over, with extraordinary emotions, ſhe could

could not withſtand the movements of her heart, but ſtrait forgot all the reſolutions ſhe had taken; and ſuffer'd *Trofilena* from the ſame day forward to deliver her the Letters of the aſſiduouſly devout *Sefuſeo.*

HE could ſcarce believe ſo great a happineſs could befall him, when he was only filled with a mortal deſpair. His Letters were for the melancholy *Orazia* ſuch a Remedy, as none was like it in the World: It reſtored her, in a few days, all her Charms again; which made the Extaſied *Sefuſeo* compoſe theſe Verſes upon that Recovery, and veiled her under the Name of the adorable *Lucanthe.*

Stanza 1.

AH! now Lucanthe *'t may be ſaid,*
The winter's gone, it's Spring again,
So long, my faireſt, have you lain
Under afflictions, buried:

And

And by a Miracle you come
To us anew embellished,
From the retirement of your Tomb.

2.

Ev'n as the Rose, which a fierce storm
With sharp and rude assault did shake,
Its former beauty does retake,
When it perceives the Sun shine warm:
So do the glories in your Face
Again their brightest lustre make,
And look with a renewed Grace.

3.

Amidst all your bewitching Darts,
A very pleasing paleness lies;
And you so languish with your Eyes,
That those, who see you, lose their
(*Hearts.*
None dares 'gainst you maintain the
(*Field;*
All own themselves your Captive
(*Prize,*
And strait fall down, & humbly yield.

4.

All your great Charms are come again;
Love, that bewailed your loss of Rayes,
Their

Their pointed influence displays,
And ceases further to complain:
Your Eyes have made me deeply sigh,
But there's such pleasure in that pain,
As makes my great'st felicity.

THERE was hardly a day pass'd wherein they did not write to one another, and that thereby their Passion became much more violent.

THE earnest *Sefuseo* at last conjured his dear *Orazia* to permit him to come and wait upon her: although she saw a thousand difficulties that opposed her finding out a way for it, in a place where her Husband was scarce ever out of her sight: yet the desire she had to see the importunate *Sefuseo*, after that so many things had hapned to them, made her at last to think upon one.

Bazugen was obliged to keep his Chamber, through some indispo-

sition.

sition. She sent to the Gallant *Sefuseo* that she would go the next day and see the fair *Lulevinda*, who was then at that House which her Husband had there, and that he might see her there, coming thither under a pretence of giving a Visit to that Lady.

THE overjoyed *Sefuseo* did not fail coming early, to a place, where he was to meet with his indearing *Orazia*. They had an equal joy at their seeing one another again, and were in no small impatience to have a little private discourse together. But *Lulevinda*, who thought her self obliged to keep them company, without any design, at first hindred them from having other Conversation but about things in general. And when, after the first Complements and Civilities were over, she had asked them leave to go and write a Letter to send by one of her Relations Servants, who waited for

for it, and that they had begun to entertain one another in a more cloſe Commerce, News was brought them that her Husband *Bazugen* was coming.

HE having that day found himſelf a little better, and knowing that his Wife was alſo at *Lulevinda*'s Houſe, thought it might do him good to go and take the Air; and afterwards upon his return, being melancholy and all alone, he ſent one of his Servants thither before, out of civility, to give them notice that he was not very far off.

THERE was never any condition reſembled that which the aſtoniſhed *Orazia*, and *Sefuſeo* were then in. *Orazia* was quite overwhelmed with it, as with the worſt ſtroke of misfortune, which was inevitable, not being willing to do any thing which might diſcover her fear to the ignorant *Lulevinda*; and as

as for *Sefuseo*, he was filled with an extraordinary grief, considering what danger he had caused the Person whom he adored, to be exposed to.

SEEING that *Bazugen* must of necessity find him with his Wife, if he did not go out immediately, he took leave of *Lulevinda*. *Bazugen*, who was almost upon the back of him whom he had sent, was within less than a stones-throw of that Ladies House, when the plung'd *Sefuseo* was coming out of it. The trouble in which he was, redoubled when he beheld *Bazugen*, who was for his part infinitely surprized, which made him presently turn his astonishment into fury. If he had had any Weapons, he would have indeavoured, at the peril of his own Life, to revenge himself of the hardy, and daring *Sefuseo*; and had then a most sensible regret that he had taken up a Pro-

Profeſſion, which made him be found at that time out of a condition to ſatisfie himſelf.

BEING tranſported with a moſt incredible rage, he returned back to his own Houſe, and went to his Wife's Chamber, where he made a thouſand threatnings, and burſt out into expreſſions of a cruel reſentment, as if ſhe had been preſent.

Orazia had had an extreme apprehenſion, when ſhe had ſeen the dear *Sefuſeo* go out: and ſeeing her Husband not come in, her fear began to change into a certainty of what had hapned. Perceiving that if ſhe ſhould tarry any longer at *Lu'evinda*'s Houſe, ſhe ſhould fall into ſuch a condition as would have diſcovered that of her Soul; and being at her wits-end, and not knowing in the World what courſe to take, ſhe took her leave of her, and ſo went home.

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Having found her Husband *Bazugen* in her Chamber, it was the very Top and Complement of all her unhappiness. No, no, Madam, said he to her, all on fire with his rage and fury, and supposing she was come now to excuse her self: Do not hope any more for pardon from me, I am capable of nothing but revenging my self of your treacheries; for now at last all things are permitted me when I am thus offended, and I can never find any thing too cruel to punish you with. After that, he gave her a thousand dreadful Menaces, and being so highly transported with rage, he threatned her several times that he would run her through, or poison her.

IN the mean time the expiring *Orazia*, who was more than half dead, fell down into such a swound, as every body thought her in a condition little different from that of a

Perſon that was at their laſt breath. *Bazugen*, fearing leſt that ſight ſhould melt him, withdrew himſelf into another Chamber, being filled with all the moſt violent Paſſions, as it was poſſible for a ſpirit to be troubled with.

Orazia's Women hearing the noiſe that the outragious *Bazugen* had made, came running in immediately, and did what they could to retrieve her, and bring her to life again. But grief had ſo ſtrongly took poſſeſſion of her heart, that after, by their aſſiſtance, ſhe had begun a little to recover her ſenſes, ſhe immediately fell again into a new ſwoon; and her Women having once more got her pretty well out of it, after ſhe fetched a few very deep ſighs and groans, ſhe ſunk again into the ſame condition; and at laſt that ſame grief, which had before been repreſſed, growing ſtronger upon her, on a ſudden ſhe opened

ed her Eyes with a mortal paleneſs, being over-whelmed with a moſt terrible Feaver.

IT was then that ſhe began truly to ſuffer, her ſpirits having recovered ſome liberty, the thoughts which her Husband had, cauſed in her Imagination a trouble more cruel than that which then was upon her. After ſome time ſhe made Reflections upon *Sefuſco*, but they were with ſuch a melting tenderneſs, as the eſtate in which ſhe was, did not ſeem to be able to permit her to do it: although nevertheleſs with ſome ſighs which made it be diſcoverable that ſhe acknowledged him to be the cauſe of all theſe miſeries ſhe indured: but her heart was then ſo filled with her paſſion, that ſhe could not any longer ſtrive to drive it away from her, nor condemn the Sentiments that it had inſpired into her.

Thoſe various, and ſo confuſed,

thoughts had ſuch a powerful effect upon her, that her life was preſently in danger, never having been before ſenſible of ſo violent a ſickneſs.

Sefuſeo, who had feared all things from the time that he had met with *Bazugen*, and who had learnt the cruel effect of it, before he returned back to *Spira*, was in ſuch a deſpair as is beyond all expreſſion. All the way he was going, he was ſeveral times thinking to return again, and to go offer himſelf up a Sacrifice to the rage of the cruel *Bazugen*.

BUT his grief met with a very heavy acceſſion, when he heard two days after how that *Orazia* was fallen very ſick. That News made him forget all that could be dear unto him. He reſolved to go out of the Country, and to expect his death in ſome other place of the Earth, and to paſs away the remainder

mainder of his life, which he foreſaw could not but be very miſerable; not being willing to be the cauſe that if *Orazia* ſhould recover from her ſickneſs, ſhe ſhould ever expoſe her ſelf to any reſembling miſeries for him. And although his paſſion had often made him deſire to know whether ſhe was likely to be reſtored, before he went his way, yet he reſolved to be gone firſt for fear, leſt if ſhe ſhould begin to recover upon it, he ſhould not have the power to execute his reſolution.

AND to conclude, after he had told it, and after he had learnt what he could of *Troſilena*, to whom he found a way to ſpeak, and had deſired her with a World of Tears to let *Orazia* know it, that he was now like to hate his life more than any Perſon upon Earth had done, and that in what condition ſoever ſhe ſhould be, ſhe would

be ſtill leſs miſerable than himſelf, he went away with an illuſtrious Perſon who was turned out of favour, and departed the Kingdom.

Bazugen, for his part, had not any leſs afflicting thoughts. Some few days after the firſt tranſports of his reſentment, learning the extreme danger that his Wife was in, he was very deeply troubled at it, and that ſame love which had inſpired him with ſuch ſtrange Sentiments of jealouſie and rage, made him be intereſſed in her Cure. Beſides all the Remedies poſſibly to be preſcribed her, which he took a very great care that ſhe ſhould uſe; he ſeveral times appeared before her more like a Gallant, who trembles for the life of his Miſtreſs, than a provoked Husband, and one who thought he had juſt ground of complaint. He indeavoured as often to perſwade her, that the fury which he had came from the exceſs of his affecti-

on,

on, that the grief ſhe had reſented for it, ſhould abſolutely aſſure him for the future, and that he ſhould be incapable ever to teſtifie to her any ſuſpicions which might diſpleaſe her.

BUT all thoſe cares and ſatisfactions were to no purpoſe. She ſaid very little to juſtifie her ſelf towards him, and made him alſo to underſtand that her death ought not to be diſagreeable to him.

SHE could do nothing elſe but think upon the generous *Sefuſeo*; what he was then doing appearing to her ſo great a Sacrifice, and a thing that was ſo extraordinary, that in the midſt of her Diſtemper ſhe had ſome joy at it, knowing how worthy he had been of the Inclination ſhe had had for him; and that ſtrong Paſſion took away from her all deſire of finding any cure. She thought ſhe could never drive away that Paſſion from her Breaſt, and that

that if ſhe did ſurvive the knowledge that *Bazugen* had of it, beſides the terrible conſtraint, with which ſhe ſhould be obliged to conceal her Sentiments, ſhe ſhould be every day expoſed to all the vexations that he would make her ſuffer, and that he would have himſelf a continual diſquiet.

NEVER was any Perſon before ſeen ſo ſick, and ſo troubled in her ſpirit: alſo though ſhe had ſeveral intermiſſions, ſtill preſently reflecting upon all thoſe things, and imagining new ones to her ſelf, ſhe immediately fell again into a worſe condition than the former; and her ſtrength being at laſt utterly taken away by her ſickneſs, ſhe expired in thoſe confuſed Sentiments, without ever ſhewing any Regret for Life.

FINIS.